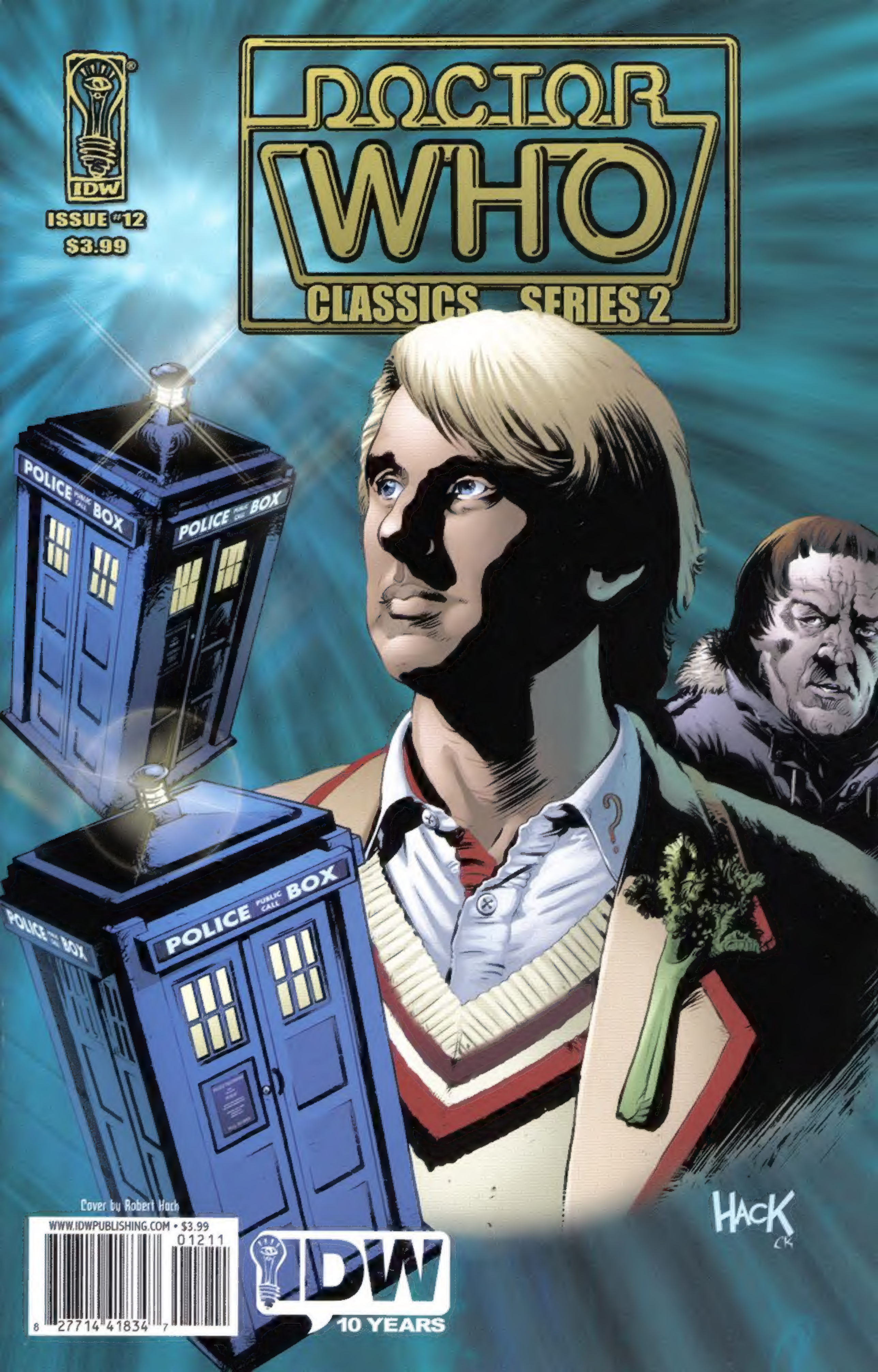
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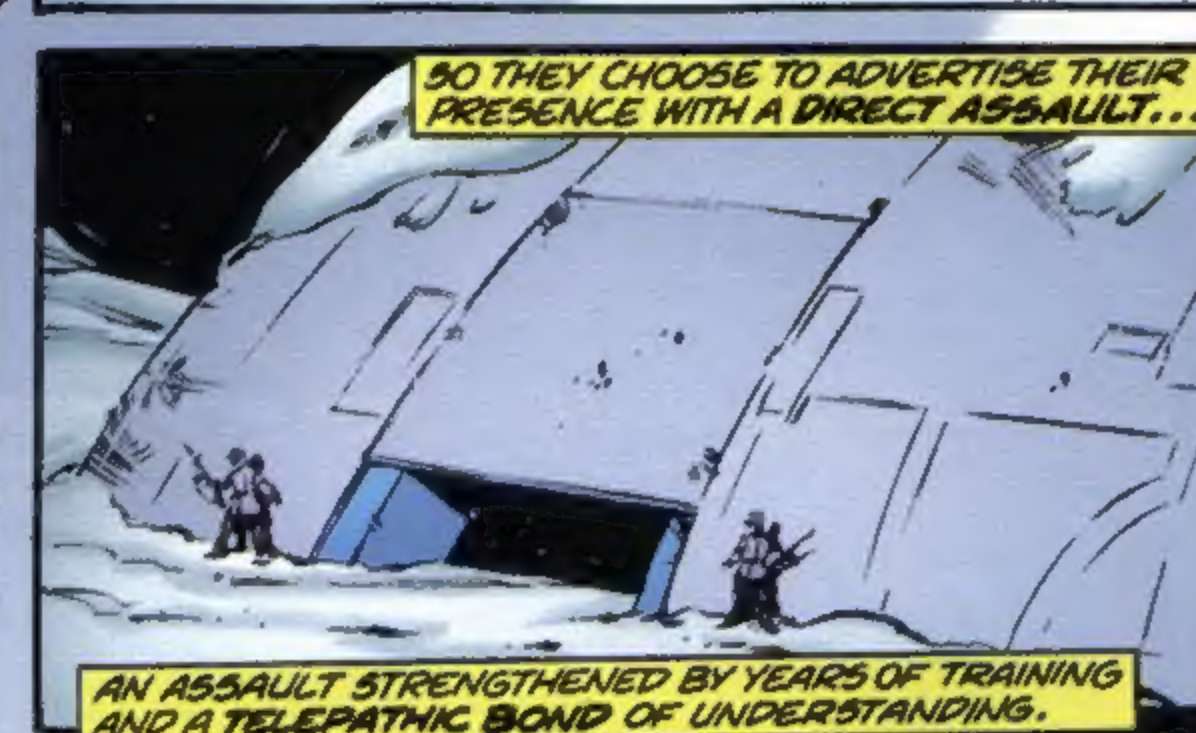
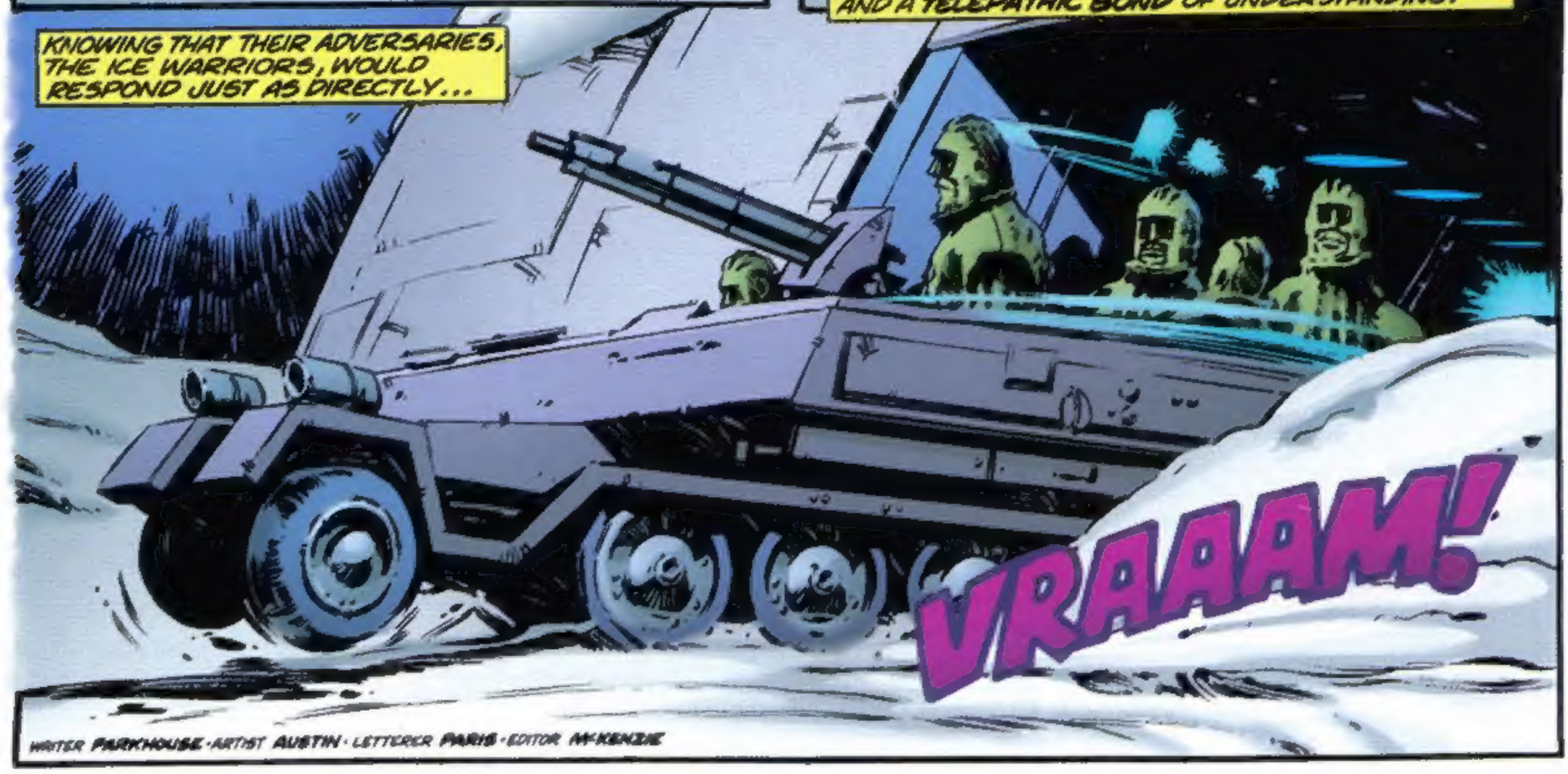
4-Dimensional VISTAS

PART VI





WRITER PARKHOUSE · ARTIST AUSTIN · LETTERER PARIS · EDITOR McKENZIE

LEAVING THEMSELVES WIDE OPEN TO TACTICS OF A MORE OBLIQUE NATURE...
CLANG!
IN THE SHAPE OF TWO MAGNETIC MINES, LOBBED FROM A RELATIVELY SHORT DISTANCE...
CLUNG!
...AND DESIGNED TO CLING TENACIOUSLY, IN SPITE OF THE WARRIORS' EXPERT HANDLING OF THEIR ASSAULT VEHICLE.
THROWN INTO A SHRIEKING, CLANKING 180 DEGREE TURN, THE VEHICLE SPUN IN A TIGHT CIRCLE.
THE GUNNER EVEN MANAGED TO SQUEEZE OFF A FEW SHOTS...
FWAB!
FWOM!
BEFORE THE SHORT-FUSED MINES ERUPTED, DRIVING TWO EXPLOSIVE FORCES THROUGH SOLID METAL...AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT HAPPENED TO BE IN THE WAY...
WHUMP!
THE DRIVER, SLUMPING FORWARD ACROSS HIS CONTROLS...
SENT THE VEHICLE HURTLING FORWARD BACK INTO THE DOME...
A BLAZING JUGGERNAUT OF TWISTED METAL!

WHAAAAM!
THROUGH THE FLAME AND SMOKE THE WHITE-CLAD DEVILS EMERGE...
BLAM! CRAK! BLAM!
BRINGING WHITE-HOT TERROR IN THEIR WAKE...INTO THE ICE WARRIORS' VERY DOMAIN...
STRIKING THE FIRE OF BURNING FEAR INTO THEIR HEARTS!
THAK!
FWOMP!
AUTEK! YOUR DEFENCES ARE BREACHED! THE INVADERS ARE APPROACHING THE OPERATIONS AREA!
I WILL GIVE THE ORDER TO LIFT OFF. OUR MISSION HERE IS OVER!
WHAT OF OUR PRISONER, THE TIME LORD?
BRING HIM INTO THE BODY OF THE SHIP. WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM LATER!

LOOK AT THIS LOT. IT'S THE BUSINESS END OF THE WHOLE OPERATION...
RIGHT. AND LOOK WHAT'S HANGING IN THE RAFTERS. IT'S THE STAR PRIZE!
IS HE ALIVE, D'YOU THINK?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

AT LEAST HE'S HUMAN... I THINK.
HE MIGHT HOLD THE CLUE TO ALL THIS...
HMMM...

EVER FEEL LIKE THE WORLD'S TURNED ON ITS HEAD?
ALIENS... SPACE CRAFT... TIME WANDERERS.

EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN TRAINED FOR, EVERYTHING WE BELIEVED IN... IT'S HAPPENING... NOW.
WE FINALLY CRACKED IT, SON.
LET'S GO!

UNNNH!
FZOW!

P.J.'S BEEN HIT!
CRAK! BLAM!
AIM FOR THE WIRES! ANYTHING... BUT GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE!

BUT HE'LL FALL INTO THE PIT!

GO AHEAD AND DO IT ANYWAY! IF HE FALLS I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!

THE ALIENS ARE RE-GROUPING! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

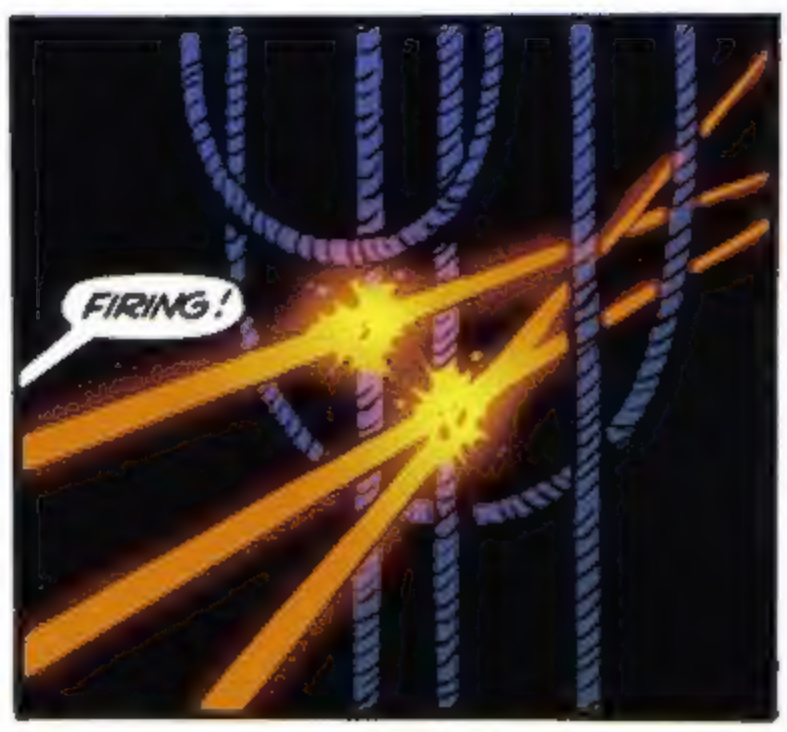
AND HOLD THEM OFF HE DOES!
VOMP!

HE'S BEING WINCHED UP! WE'RE LOSING HIM!
BTAM! BTAM!
KEEP AT IT! JUST KEEP AT IT!

REINFORCEMENTS! NEARLY TWO DOZEN ON THE HOOF...
WE'D BETTER SHIFT IT!

UP IN THE RIM OF THE DOME, HUGE ENGINES GUNNED INTO LIFE. COUGHING AND ROARING LIKE WAKING GIANTS...
RACHUH!
SPEARS OF FLAME BROKE FORTH, GROWING INTO COLUMNS...

THE ICE WARRIORS BELOW...
WERE QUITE SIMPLY...
INCINERATED.
YOUR OWN TROOPS, AUTEK!
THEY'RE BEING DECIMATED!!

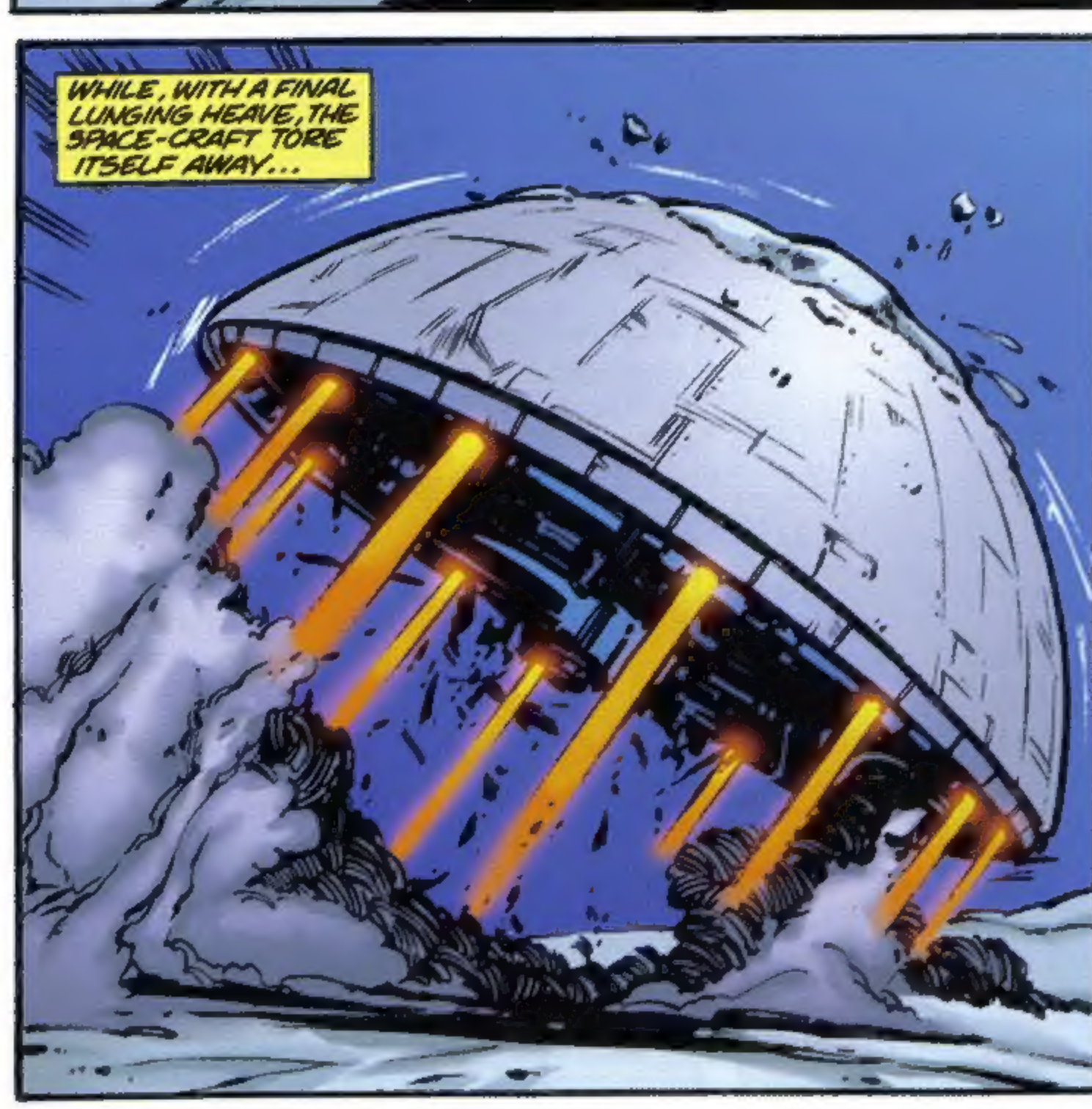

FIRING!

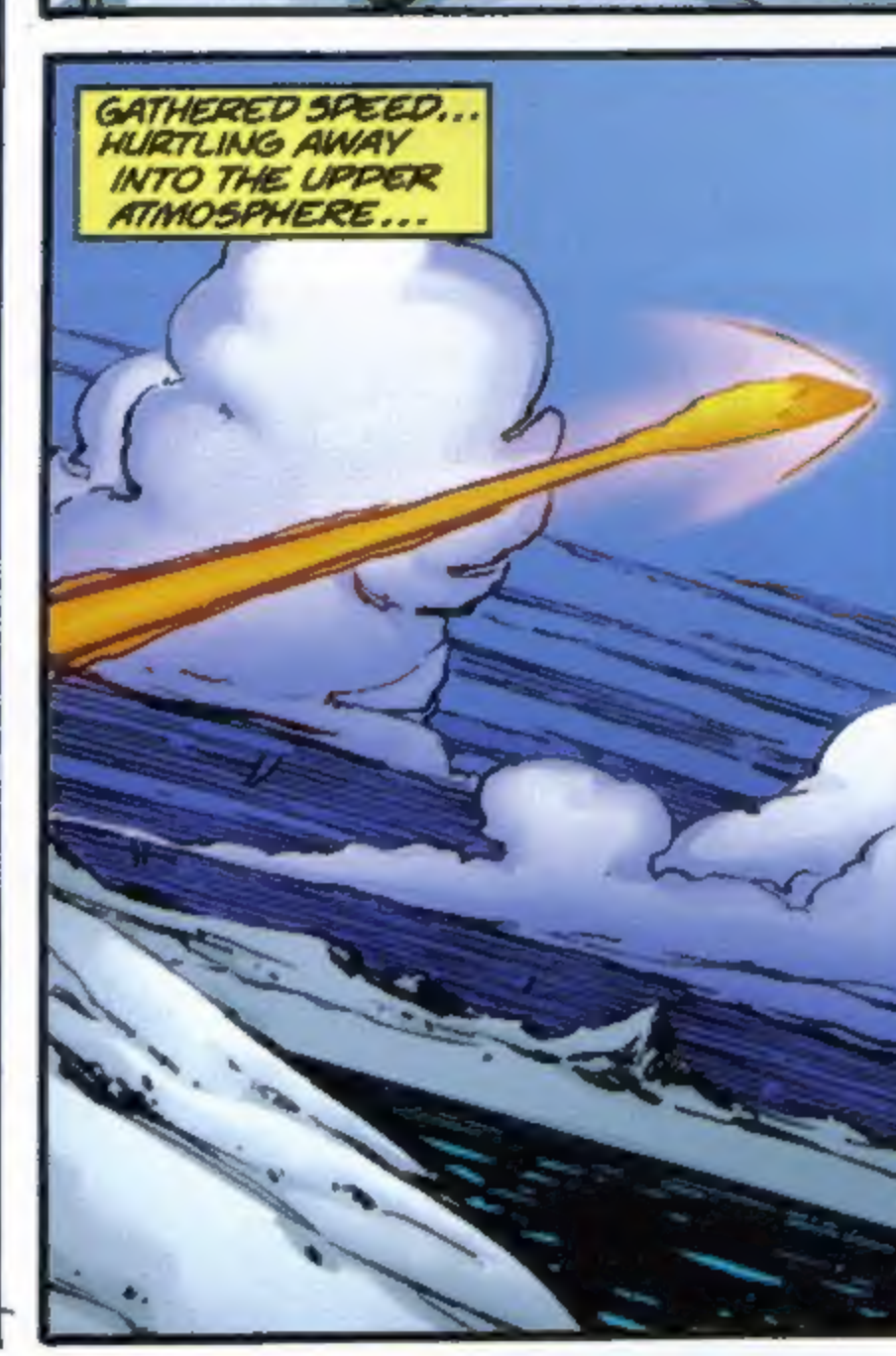
THE LINES PARTED...
TWANG!

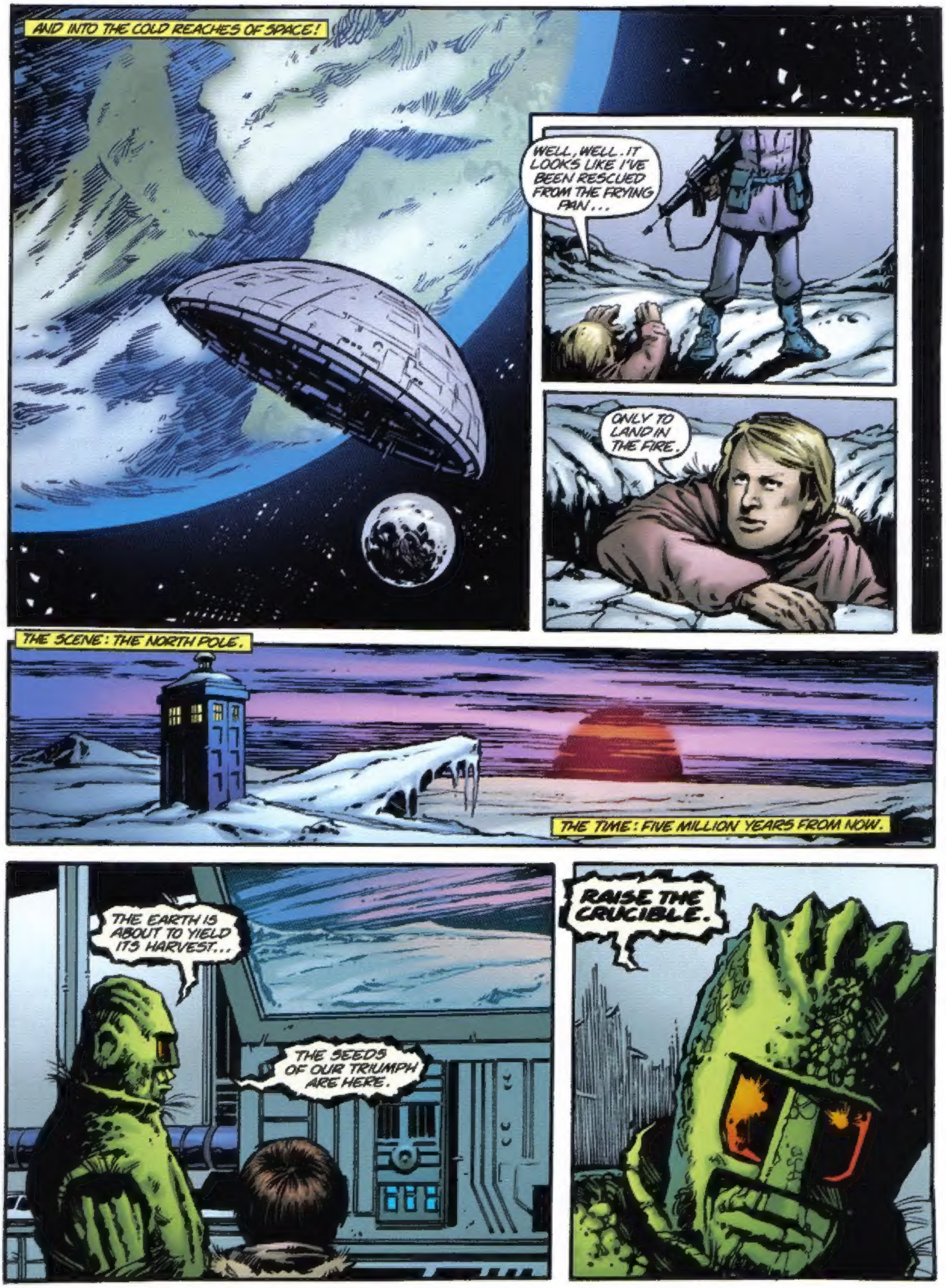
FOR AT THE LAST MINUTE A FORCE HELD HIM... WRENCHED HIM TO ONE SIDE...
HE HIT THE RIM OF THE PIT...

THE DOCTOR FOUND HIMSELF PLUMMETTING TOWARDS A HOLE... THIRTY MILES DEEP...
AND HE COULDN'T EVEN SCREAM...

AND HIS SCRABBLING FINGERS HELD FAST!


WHILE, WITH A FINAL LUNGING HEAVE, THE SPACE-CRAFT TORE ITSELF AWAY...


GATHERED SPEED... HURTLING AWAY INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE...


AND INTO THE COLD REACHES OF SPACE!
WELL, WELL. IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE BEEN RESCUED FROM THE FRYING PAN...
ONLY TO LAND IN THE FIRE.
THE SCENE: THE NORTH POLE.
THE TIME: FIVE MILLION YEARS FROM NOW.
THE EARTH IS ABOUT TO YIELD ITS HARVEST...
THE SEEDS OF OUR TRIUMPH ARE HERE.
RAISE THE CRUCIBLE.

WORDS: STEVE PARKHOUSE PICTURES: MICK AUSTIN SOUND: JERRY PARIS DIRECTION: ALAN McKENZIE

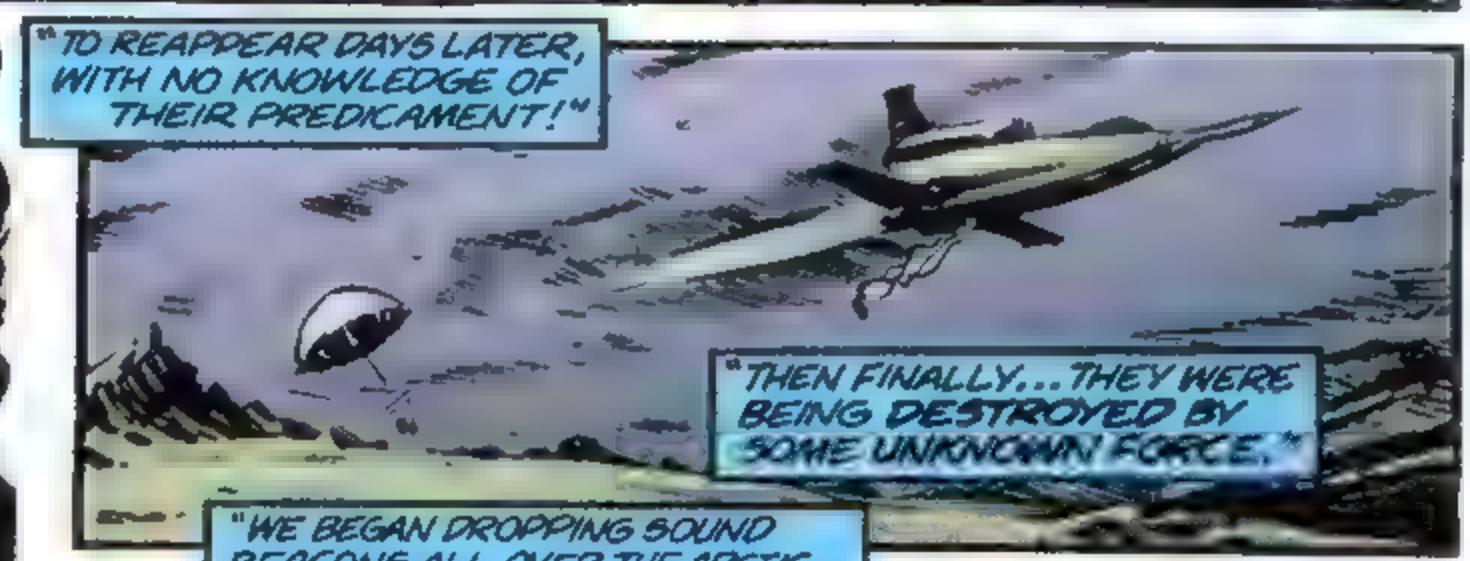
WHAT USE WOULD THE CRYSTAL BE? WHY SUCH A MASSIVE SET-UP? WHAT IMPORTANCE COULD IT BE TO A RACE LIKE THE ICE WARRIORS?

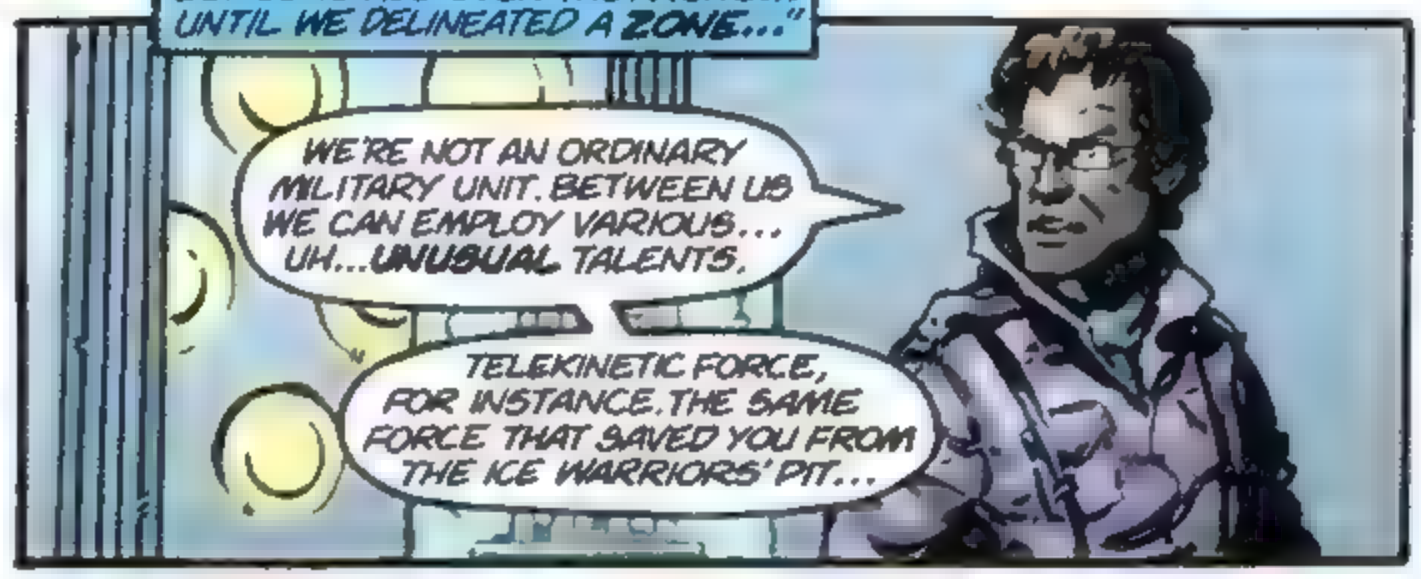
HOW'S YOUR LEG?
MY LEG? IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN PULVERISED BY A JACK HAMMER...

YOUR LEG WAS HIT BY THE BEAM FROM A SONIC CANNON... A RELATIVELY SMALL, HAND HELD WEAPON...
THE AIRCRAFT YOU'VE BEEN LOSING WERE BROUGHT DOWN BY A MUCH LARGER SONIC CANNON. SOUND WAVES, AMPLIFIED TO A MEGASONIC PITCH...
THEN RESONATED THROUGH A CRYSTAL... SOMEWHAT LIKE THE LIGHT WAVES IN A LASER.
THE ICE-WARRIORS HAVE BUILT A MASSIVE SONIC CANNON, WHICH THEY INTEND TO EQUIP WITH A GIGANTIC CRYSTAL.
AND YOU SAY YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO EARTH BY YOUR SUPERIORS TO INVESTIGATE THIS POSSIBILITY?
NOT QUITE. I VOLUNTEERED...
WITH SUCH A WEAPON THEY COULD DESTROY A CITY... A NATION... AN ENTIRE CONTINENT!
"I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR EARTH."
"SO I HID MYSELF AWAY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE AND BEGAN MY INVESTIGATIONS..."

MY MAIN TASK WAS INTERRUPTED MANY TIMES AND I MADE SOME DISASTROUS MISTAKES. BUT SLOWLY I PIECED IT ALL TOGETHER...
WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT, DURING THE LATTER STAGES OF THE ICE WARRIORS' OPERATION, WE WERE INVESTIGATING IT AT THE SAME TIME.

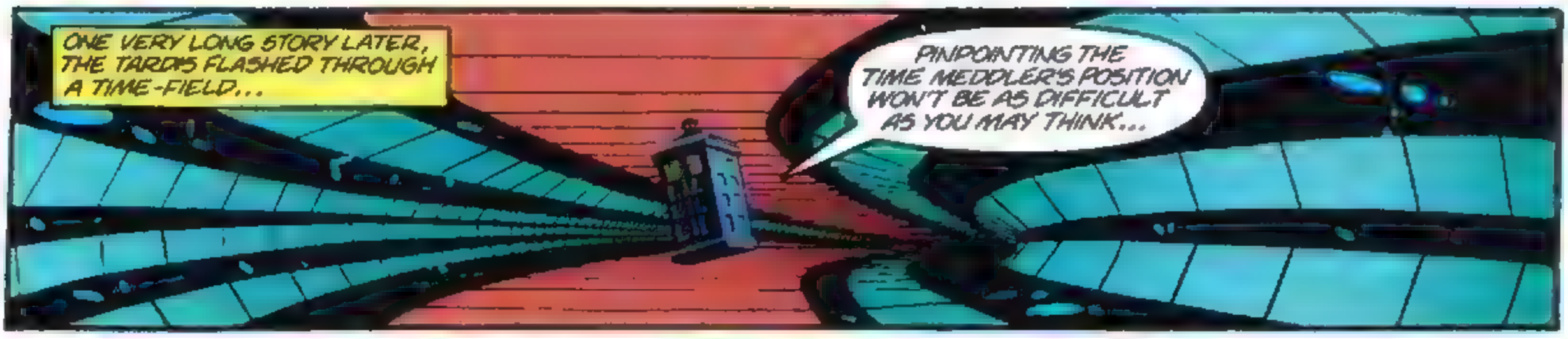
VARIOUS RESEARCH STATIONS AROUND THE GLOBE, EQUIPPED WITH ATOMIC CLOCKS, WERE REPORTING ANOMALIES IN TIME.
AIRCRAFT FLYING OVER THE ARCTIC WERE DISAPPEARING...

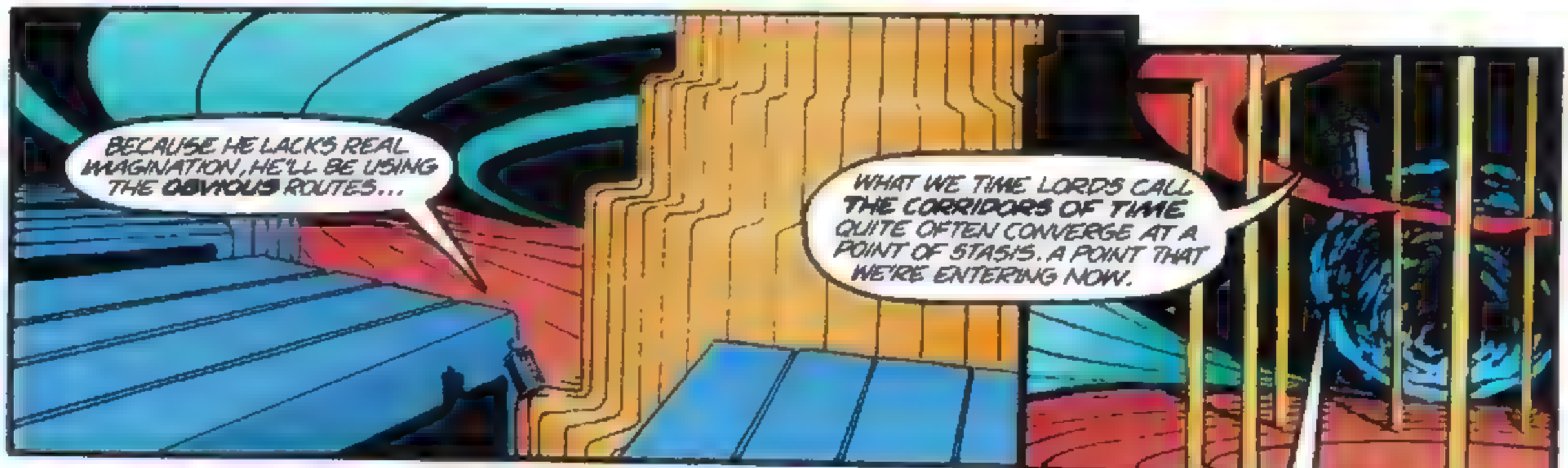

"TO REAPPEAR DAYS LATER, WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR PREDICAMENT!"
"THEN FINALLY... THEY WERE BEING DESTROYED BY SOME UNKNOWN FORCE."

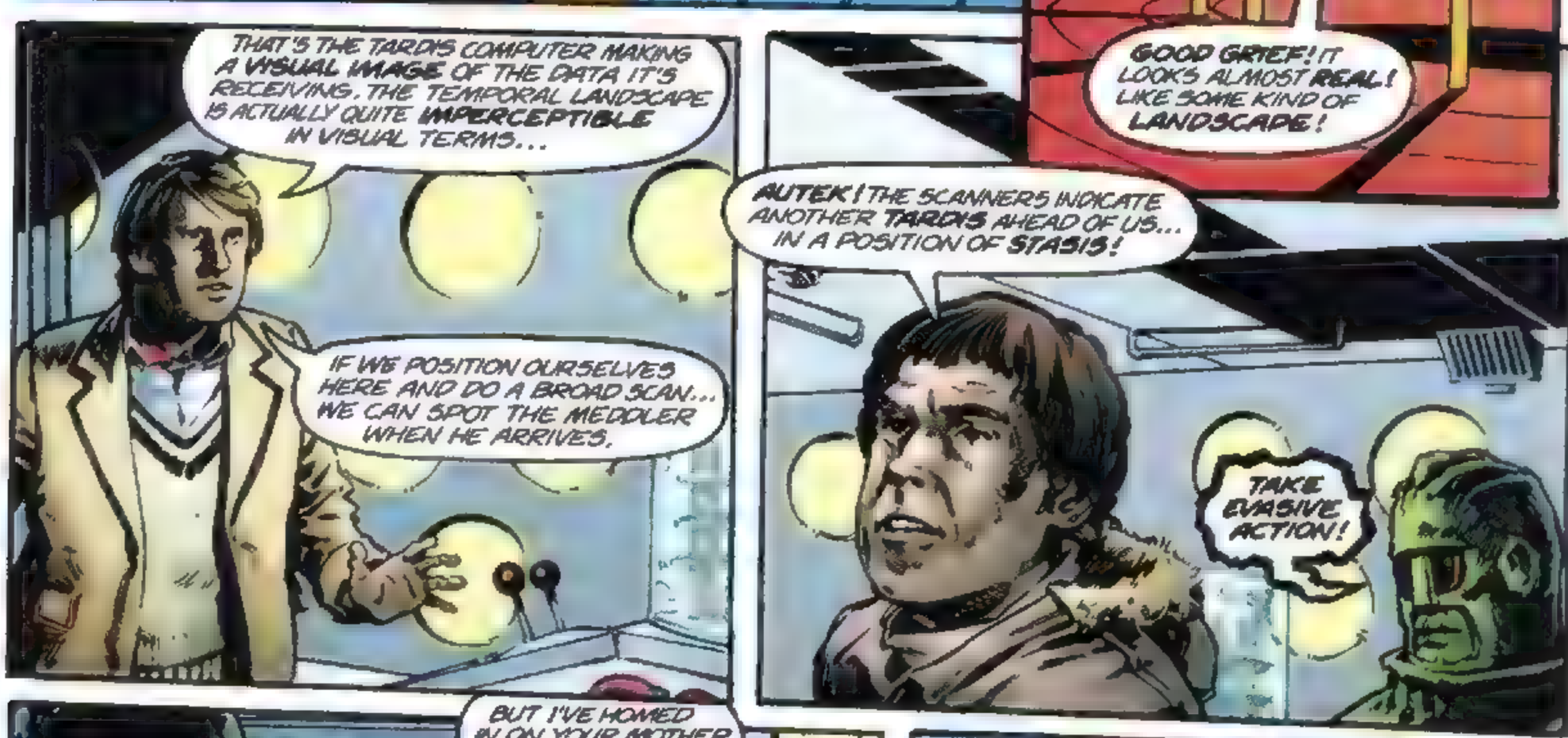

"WE BEGAN DROPPING SOUND BEACONS ALL OVER THE ARCTIC... UNTIL WE DELINEATED A ZONE..."
WE'RE NOT AN ORDINARY MILITARY UNIT. BETWEEN US WE CAN EMPLOY VARIOUS... UH... UNUSUAL TALENTS.
TELEKINETIC FORCE, FOR INSTANCE. THE SAME FORCE THAT SAVED YOU FROM THE ICE WARRIORS' PIT...

WITH THE AID OF TECHNOLOGY... PLUS AN ABILITY TO PERCEIVE DIFFERENT AREAS OF TIME AND SPACE, WE BEGAN TO DEFINE THE ZONE AS A TIME-WARP!
YES. THE HANDIWORK OF MY OLD FRIEND... THE TIME MEDDLER!

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN... ARE YOU READY TO TAKE YOUR FIRST TRIP THROUGH TIME?
YES, WE'RE READY. PERHAPS WHILE WE'RE TRAVELLING YOU CAN TELL US HOW YOUR TIME-CRAFT IMPRINTED ITSELF IN A QUARRY WALL!
AH, YES... I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET AROUND TO THAT!
WARP!
WARP!


ONE VERY LONG STORY LATER, THE TARDIS FLASHED THROUGH A TIME-FIELD...
PINPOINTING THE TIME MEDDLER'S POSITION WON'T BE AS DIFFICULT AS YOU MAY THINK...

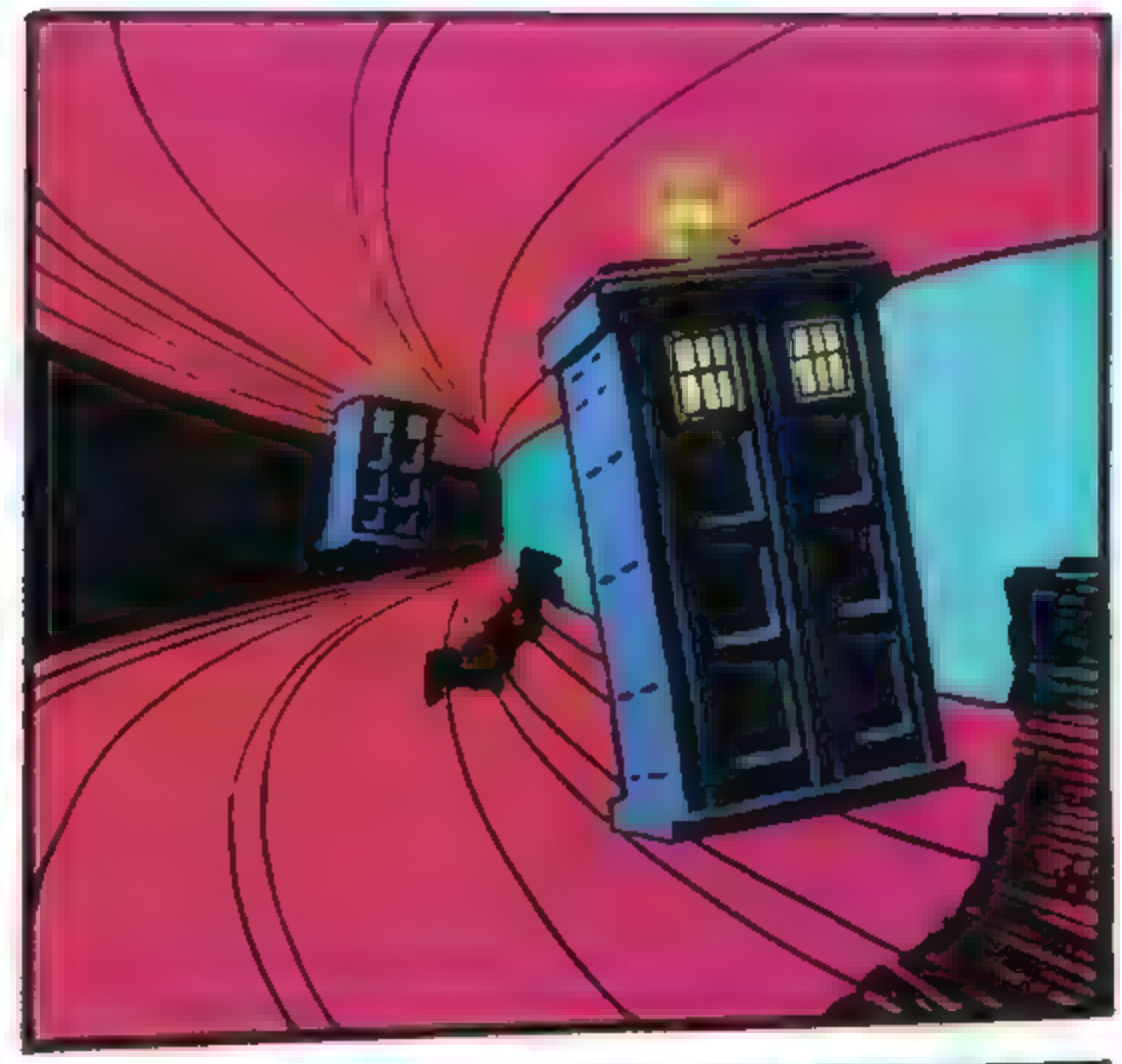

BECAUSE HE LACKS REAL IMAGINATION, HE'LL BE USING THE OBVIOUS ROUTES...
WHAT WE TIME LORDS CALL THE CORRIDORS OF TIME QUITE OFTEN CONVERGE AT A POINT OF STASIS. A POINT THAT WE'RE ENTERING NOW.

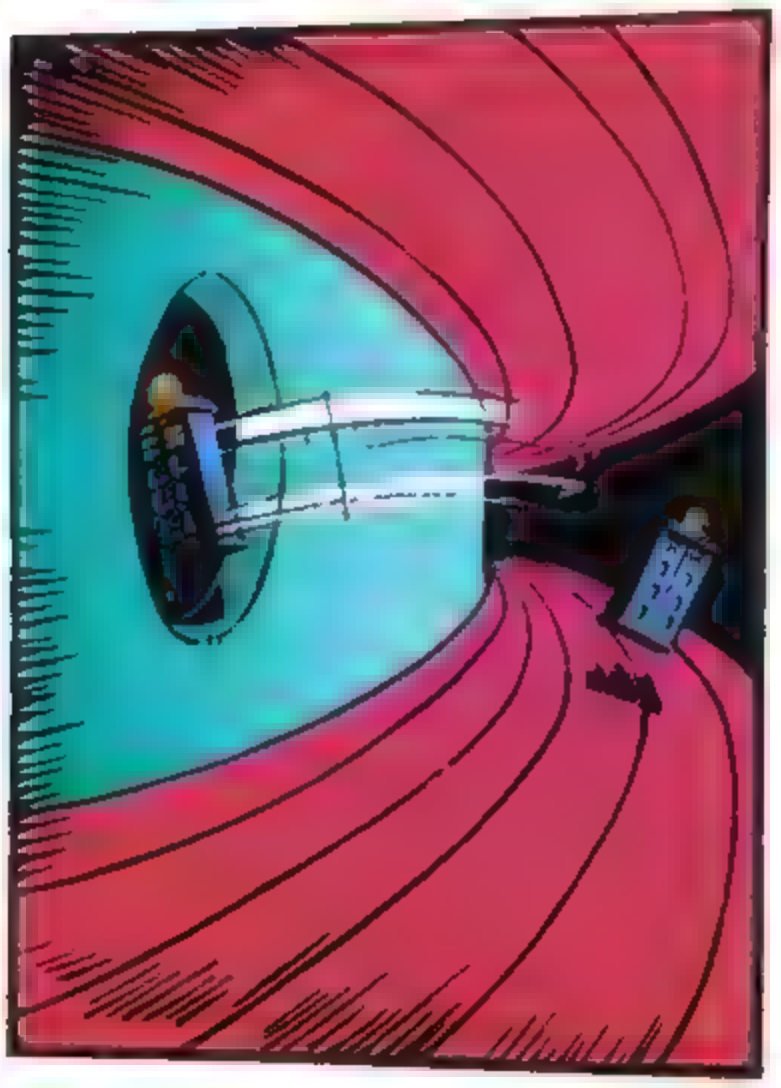

THAT'S THE TARDIS COMPUTER MAKING A VISUAL IMAGE OF THE DATA IT'S RECEIVING. THE TEMPORAL LANDSCAPE IS ACTUALLY QUITE IMPERCEPTIBLE IN VISUAL TERMS...
IF WE POSITION OURSELVES HERE AND DO A BROAD SCAN... WE CAN SPOT THE MEDDLER WHEN HE ARRIVES.
GOOD GRIEF! IT LOOKS ALMOST REAL! LIKE SOME KIND OF LANDSCAPE!
AUTEK! THE SCANNERS INDICATE ANOTHER TARDIS AHEAD OF US... IN A POSITION OF STASIS!
TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!

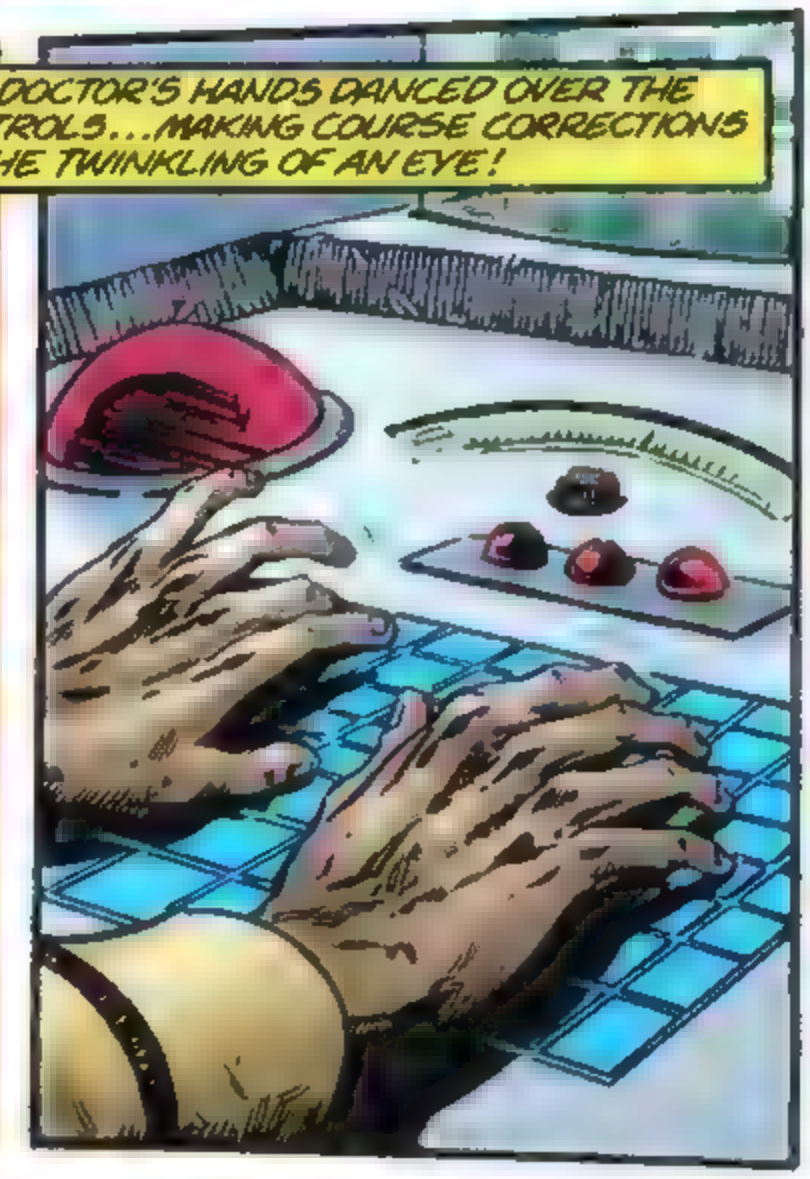
BUT I'VE HOMED IN ON YOUR MOTHER SHIP! THE COURSE IS AUTOMATIC!
THEN CHANGE IT, FOOL!

OH, DEAR... OH, WOE... OH, RATS!

THAT'LL BE HIM NOW!






THE DOCTOR'S HANDS DANCED OVER THE CONTROLS...MAKING COURSE CORRECTIONS IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

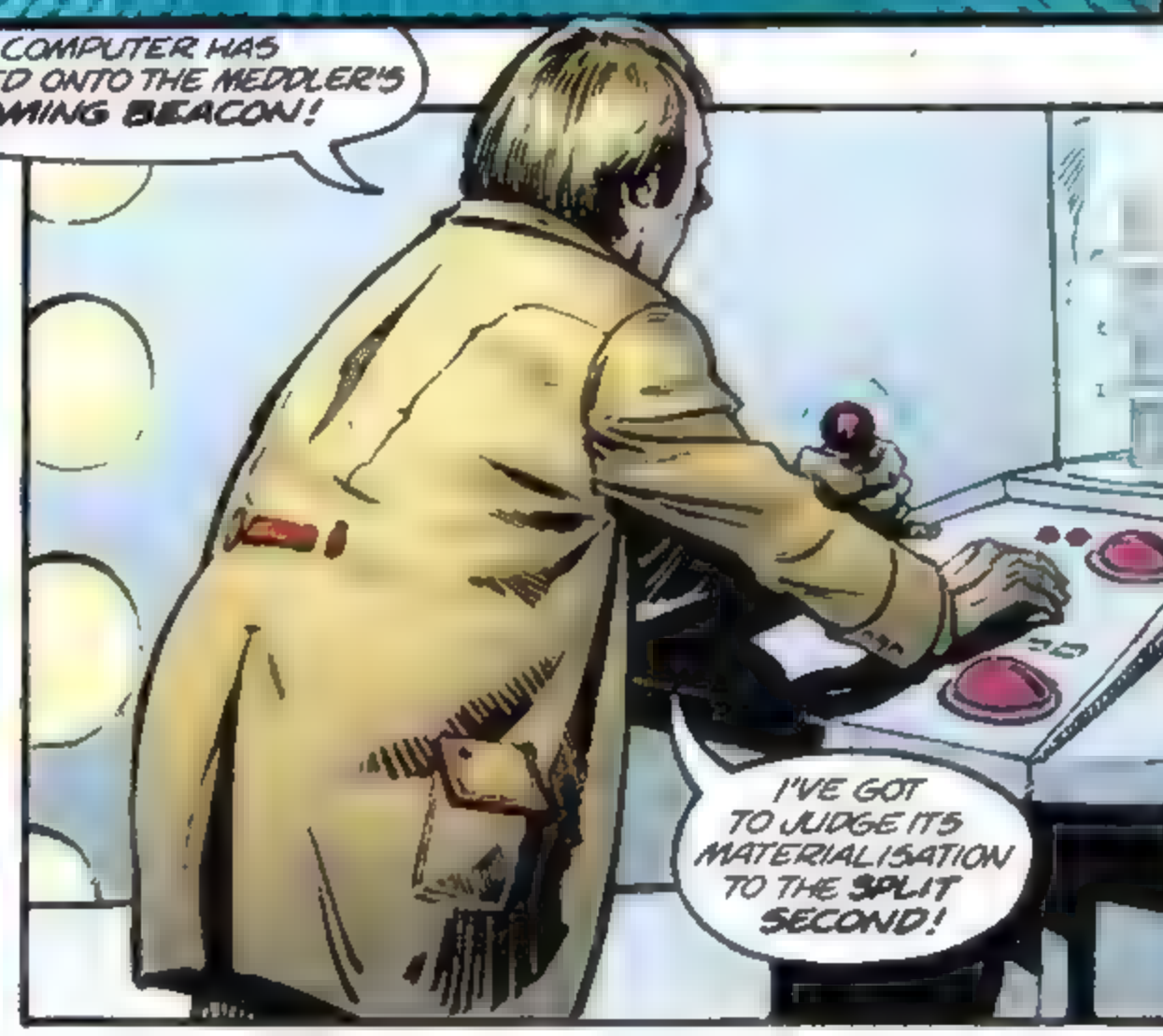
AND THE TARDIS SPUN THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF TIME IN PURSUIT.
BUT OF THE TIME MEDDLER...THERE WAS NO SIGN!
UNTIL...

FWOK!

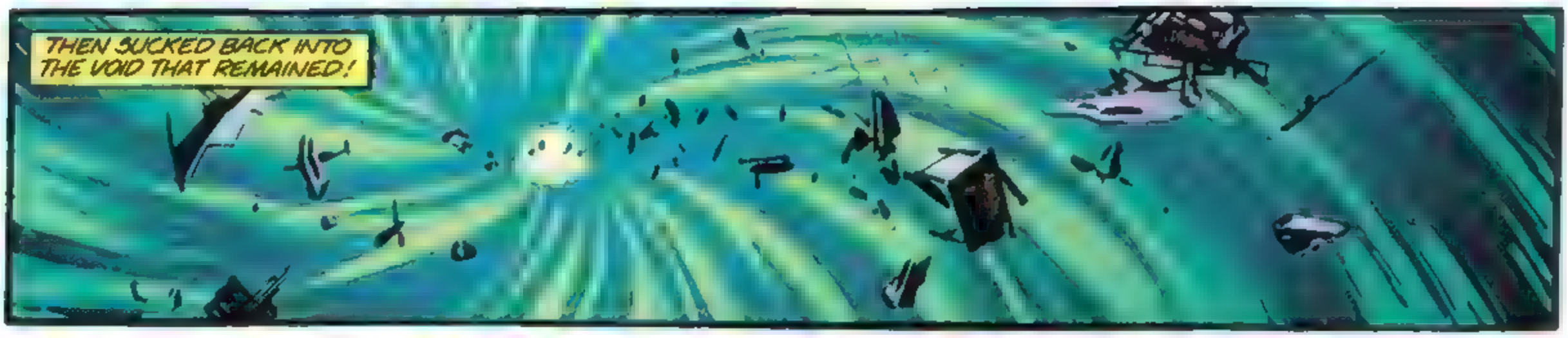
HOLD ON TIGHT! I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING A LITTLE UNORTHODOX!

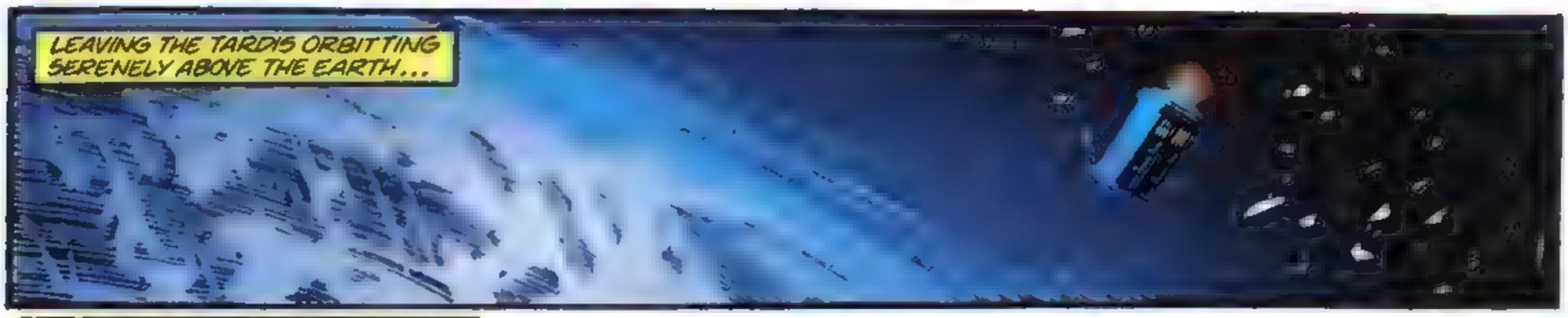
A SHORT CUT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS!

THERE HE IS! WE'VE FOUND HIM AGAIN!


THE COMPUTER HAS LOCKED ONTO THE MEDDLER'S HOMING BEACON!
I'VE GOT TO JUDGE ITS MATERIALISATION TO THE SPLIT SECOND!

WARP!
WORP!
IT WOULD BE A POOR TIME LORD INDEED WHO COULD NOT JUDGE AN ACTION TO A MILLISECOND...
AND THE DOCTOR PROVED HIS WORTH YET AGAIN BY MATERIALISING JUST AHEAD OF THE TIME MEDDLER...
YOU!!
NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN. SHAME YOU WON'T BE STAYING LONG!
?
ZWAAAAT!
'BYE!
THERE IS A BASIC LAW WHICH STATES: NO TWO OBJECTS MAY OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT THE SAME TIME... THE TIME MEDDLER AND HIS CRAFT ARE SO PERFECTLY ANNIHILATED THEY VANISH INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION...
AND THE ICE WARRIORS' SHIP IS TORN APART BY THE DISPLACEMENT!


THEN SUCKED BACK INTO THE VOID THAT REMAINED!

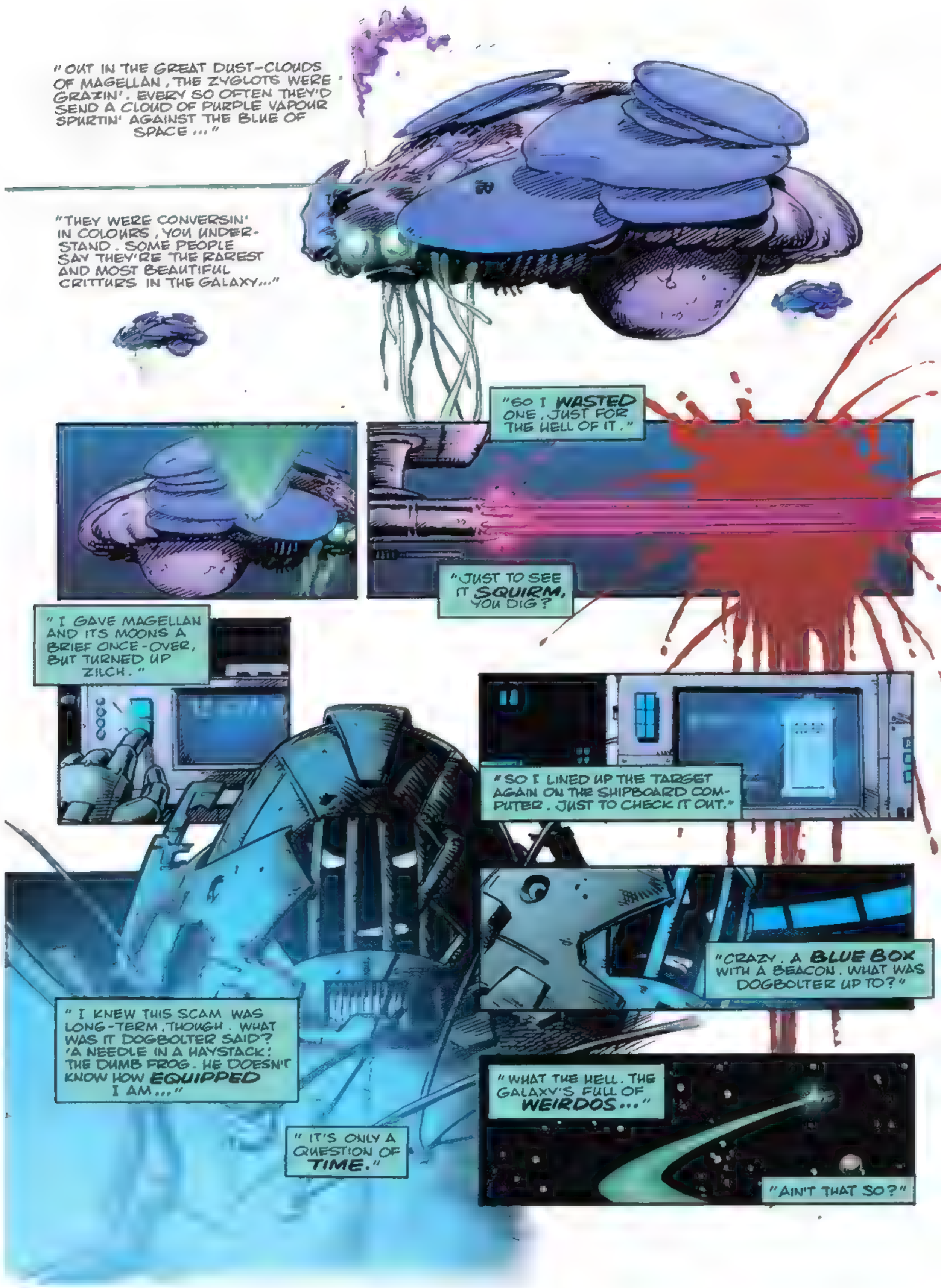

LEAVING THE TARDIS ORBITTING SERENELY ABOVE THE EARTH...

LATER... AT A MILITARY BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE...
WE'LL BE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, DOCTOR...YOU TOO, GUS. WHY NOT STAY AROUND FOR A WHILE? PLANET EARTH NEEDS YOU...

I'M AFRAID MY VIGIL ON EARTH IS OVER. BESIDES, WE'VE GOT TO GET GUS HOME...
THAT'S RIGHT, DOC...ALL THIS TIME TRAVELLING IS BAD FOR A GUY. IT'S DOWNRIGHT CONFUSING...
SO LONG, FELLAS... I WISH I COULD SAY IT WAS FUN!

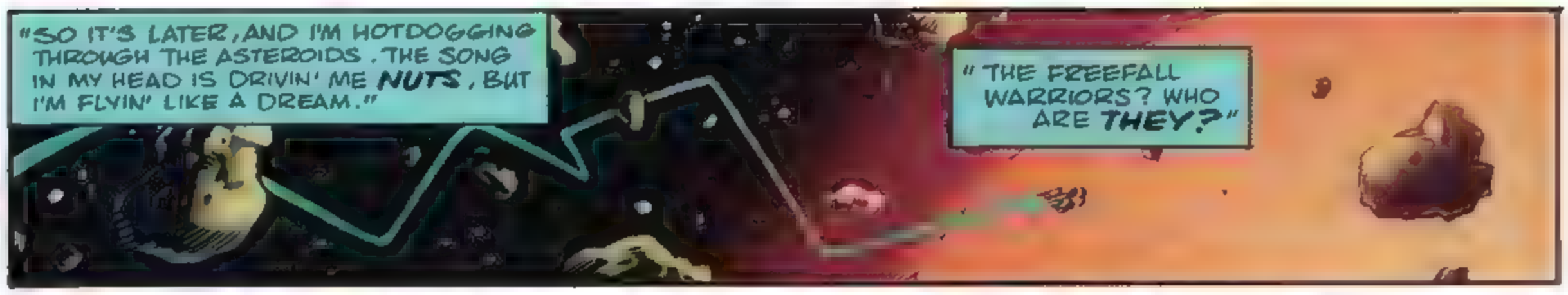
VWORP! VWORP!
DID YOU TELL HIM?
HOW COULD I? THERE ARE TIMES WHEN CLAIRVOYANCE IS A TWO EDGED SWORD...
HOW CAN YOU TELL A MAN...EVEN A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THAT HE'S GOING TO DIE?

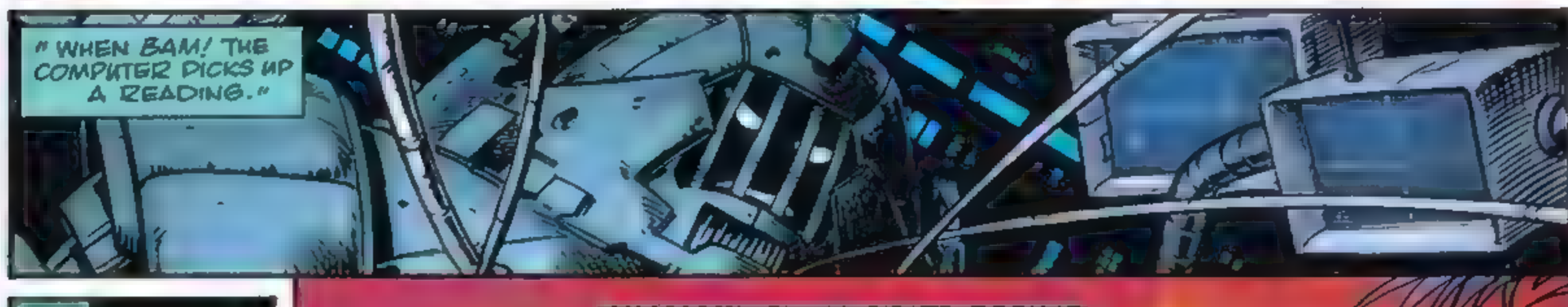
THE MODERATOR
Part One
"I BASTED OUT OF HYPER-DRIVE, STILL SINGING THAT SAME DUMB SONG HAD INFESTED MY HEAD SINCE THE LAST TRIP EARTHSIDE. NO SHAKING IT."
"THE WARP-BAFFLES WERE STILL GLOWING WHITE HOT AS I SYNCHED INTO ORBIT AROUND MAGELLAN..."
"WITH A COOL MILLION IN PLATINUM INGOTS STASHED IN THE AFTER HOLD, COURTESY OF INTRA-VENUS INC., I WAS FEELING PRETTY LOOSE."

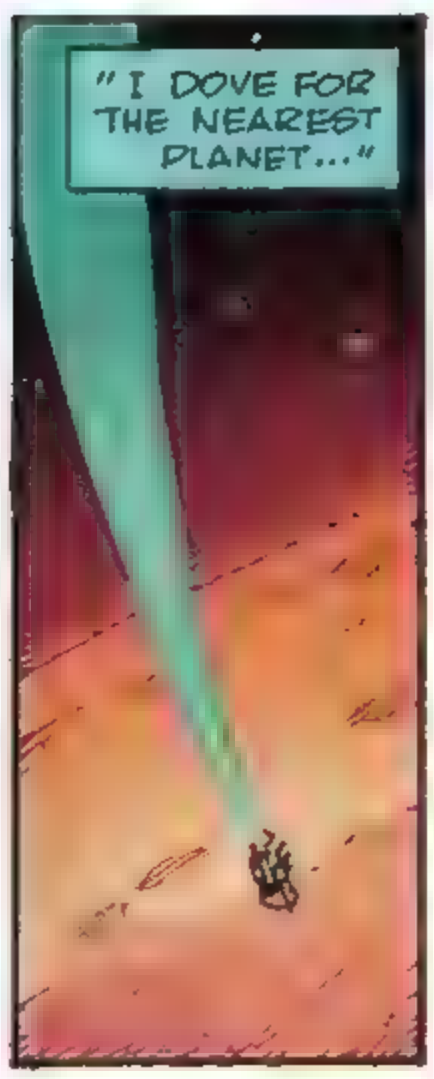

"OUT IN THE GREAT DUST-CLOUDS OF MAGELLAN, THE ZYGLOTS WERE GRAZIN'. EVERY SO OFTEN THEY'D SEND A CLOUD OF PURPLE VAPOUR SPURTIN' AGAINST THE BLUE OF SPACE..."
"THEY WERE CONVERSIN' IN COLOURS, YOU UNDERSTAND. SOME PEOPLE SAY THEY'RE THE RAREST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL CRITTURS IN THE GALAXY..."
"SO I WASTED ONE, JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT."
"JUST TO SEE IT SQUIRM, YOU DIG?"
"I GAVE MAGELLAN AND ITS MOONS A BRIEF ONCE-OVER, BUT TURNED UP ZILCH."
"SO I LINED UP THE TARGET AGAIN ON THE SHIPBOARD COMPUTER. JUST TO CHECK IT OUT."
"I KNEW THIS SCAM WAS LONG-TERM, THOUGH. WHAT WAS IT DOGBOLTER SAID? 'A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK: THE DUMB FROG. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW EQUIPPED I AM...'"
"CRAZY. A BLUE BOX WITH A BEACON. WHAT WAS DOGBOLTER UP TO?"
"IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME."
"WHAT THE HELL. THE GALAXY'S FULL OF WEIRDOS..."
"AIN'T THAT SO?"

ELSEWHERE...
VWORP!
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, GUS. IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE WHILE BUT WE'LL GET YOU HOME.
I KNOW, DOC. I'VE GOT FAITH IN THIS BOX OF TRICKS.
BUT IT'S A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK, ISN'T IT?
FINDING ONE WORLD OUT OF A MILLION?
TRUST... IS THE KEY WORD, GUS.
TRUST, FAITH... AND A LITTLE INFORMED INTUITION CAN WORK WONDERS.
BELIEVE ME.
HEY! YOU THERE!!
DON'CHA KNOW YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE OUT AFTER DARK?
WELL... NO... I...
GET LOST, YOU DUMMIES! THE GAUNTS'LL GETCHA!
WWOOPAAAAAW!

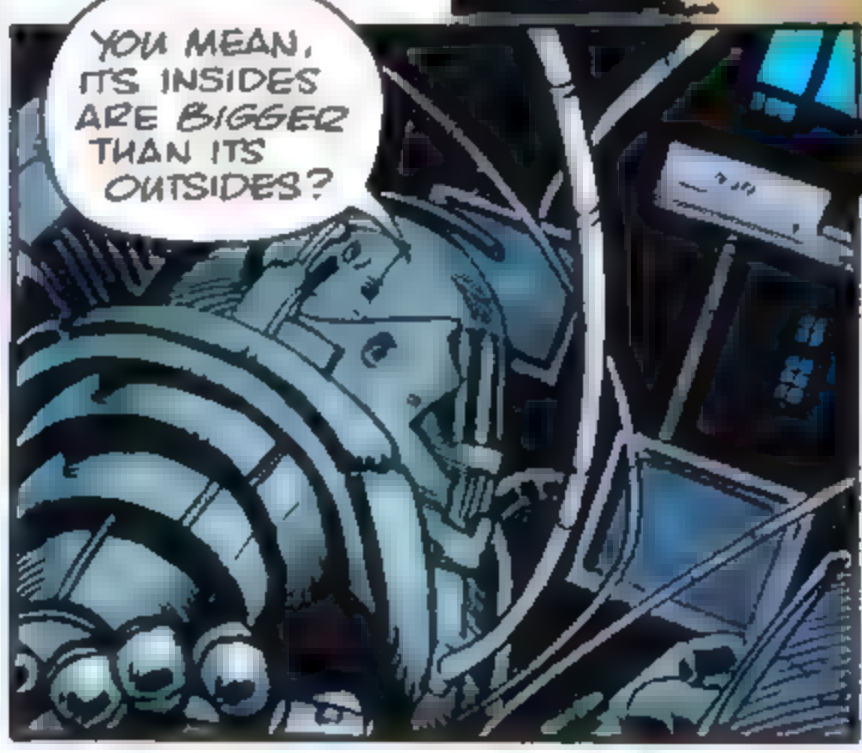
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! ALL CURFEW-BREAKERS WILL BE DISPATCHED! YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!
HEY, DOC! THESE PEOPLE ARE UPSET!
YOU WANNA STICK AROUND AND HIT 'EM WITH SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS LOGIC?
NOT NOW, GUS...
"NOT NOW!"
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, DOC? SOMETHING ABOUT TRUST AND FAITH?
OH, SHUT UP.
A PERIMETER FENCE. SOLID.
WE'RE TRAPPED!
DON'T LOOK NOW, DOC... BUT THE GRUNTS ARE COMING...
"GAUNTS, GUS. THEY'RE CALLED 'GAUNTS!"
"I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU CALL 'EM, THEY LOOK DANGEROUS TO ME. AND THEY'RE HERE!"

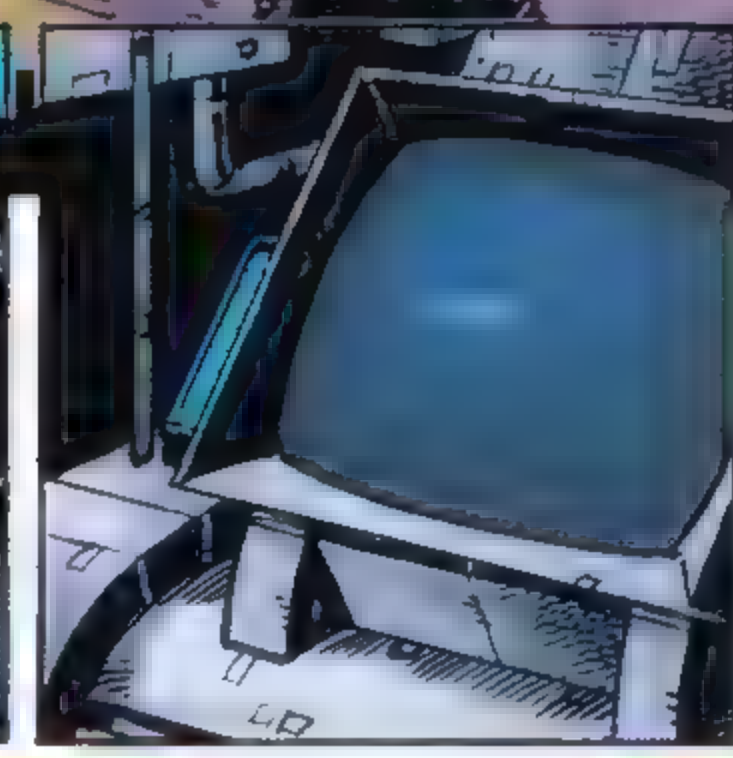

"SO IT'S LATER, AND I'M HOTDOGGING THROUGH THE ASTEROIDS. THE SONG IN MY HEAD IS DRIVIN' ME NUTS, BUT I'M FLYIN' LIKE A DREAM."
"THE FREEFALL WARRIORS? WHO ARE THEY?"

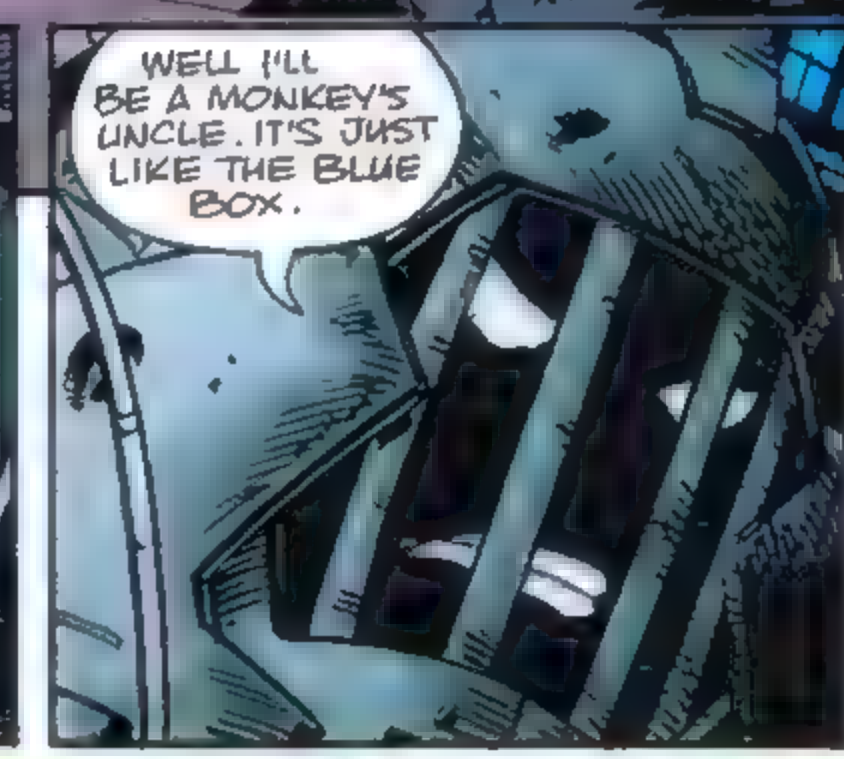

"WHEN BAM! THE COMPUTER PICKS UP A READING."

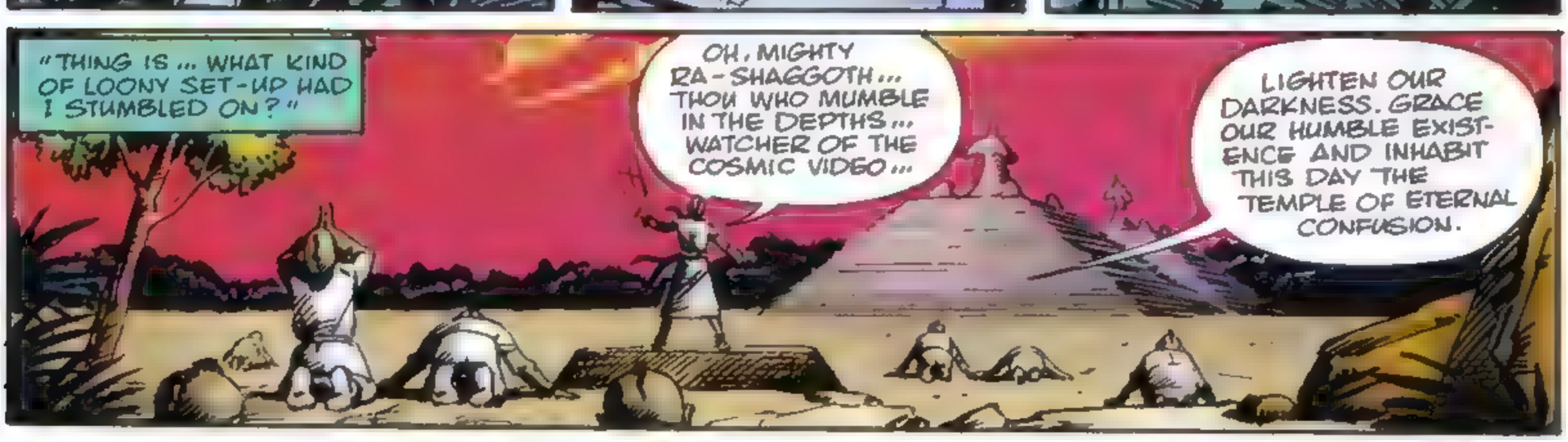

"I DOVE FOR THE NEAREST PLANET..."

"LEVELLED OUT. THE COMPUTER'S TELLIN' ME ABOUT THE STRUCTURE AHEAD."
"ABOUT HOW ITS INTERIOR VOLUME IS LARGER THAN THAT ALLOWED BY ITS SURFACE AREA."


YOU MEAN, ITS INSIDES ARE BIGGER THAN ITS OUTSIDES?




WELL I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE. IT'S JUST LIKE THE BLUE BOX.


"THING IS ... WHAT KIND OF LOONY SET-UP HAD I STUMBLED ON?"
OH, MIGHTY RA-SHAGGOTH... THOU WHO MUMBLE IN THE DEPTHS... WATCHER OF THE COSMIC VIDEO...
LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS. GRACE OUR HUMBLE EXISTENCE AND INHABIT THIS DAY THE TEMPLE OF ETERNAL CONFUSION.

WE HAVE OBSERVED THY LAWS. WE HAVE KEPT THY COMMANDMENTS. WE AWAIT THY RECEPTION ON ALL CHANNELS.

THINE IS THE CONTRAST ... THE POWER AND THE VOLUME ...

TO WASTE. OR NOT TO WASTE. THAT IS THE INTERROGATIVE.

IT COULD BE A *BLUE BOX* IN DISGUISE. WHAT D'YOU THINK, COMPUTER?

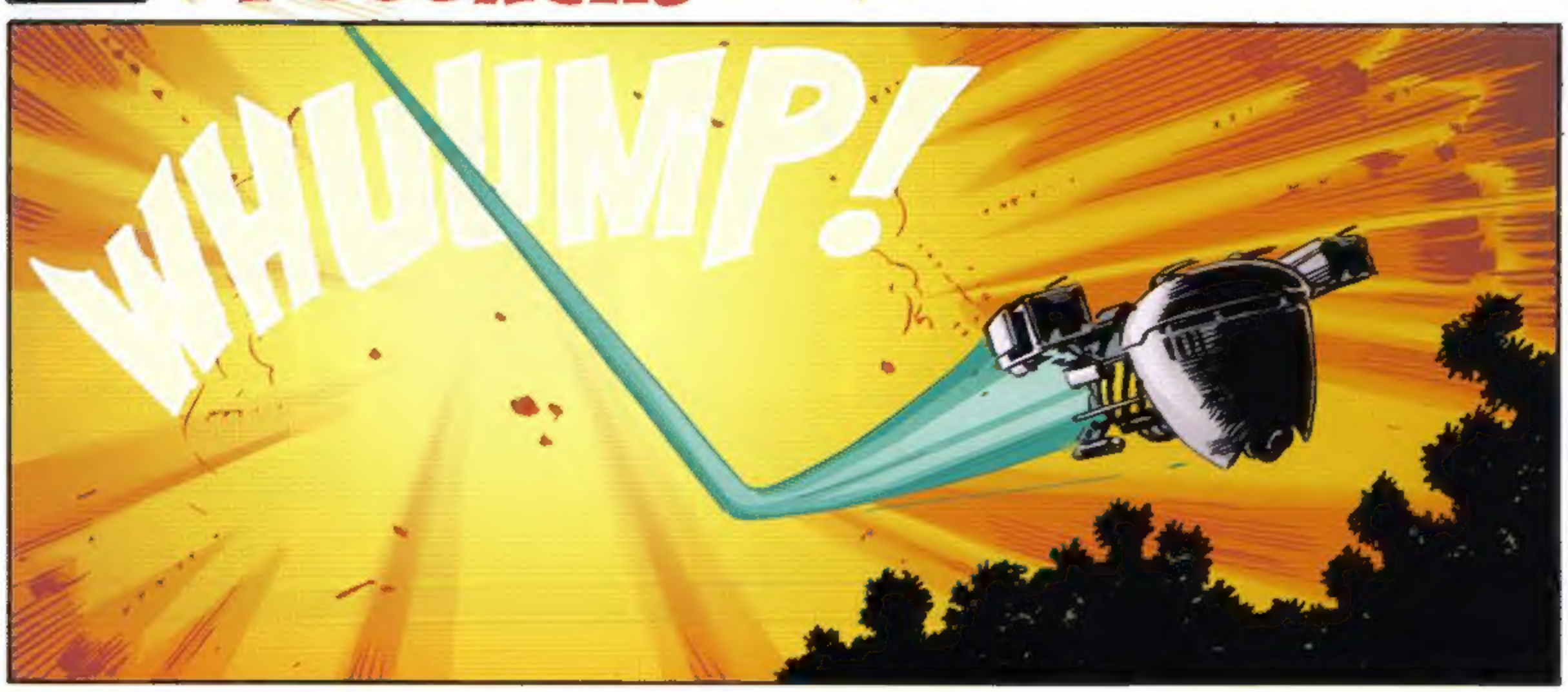
BE·ON·THE·SAFE·SIDE --- KNOCK·IT·OVER --- SHALL·I·SHOVE·IN·A·20-M?

GO AHEAD, BABY.

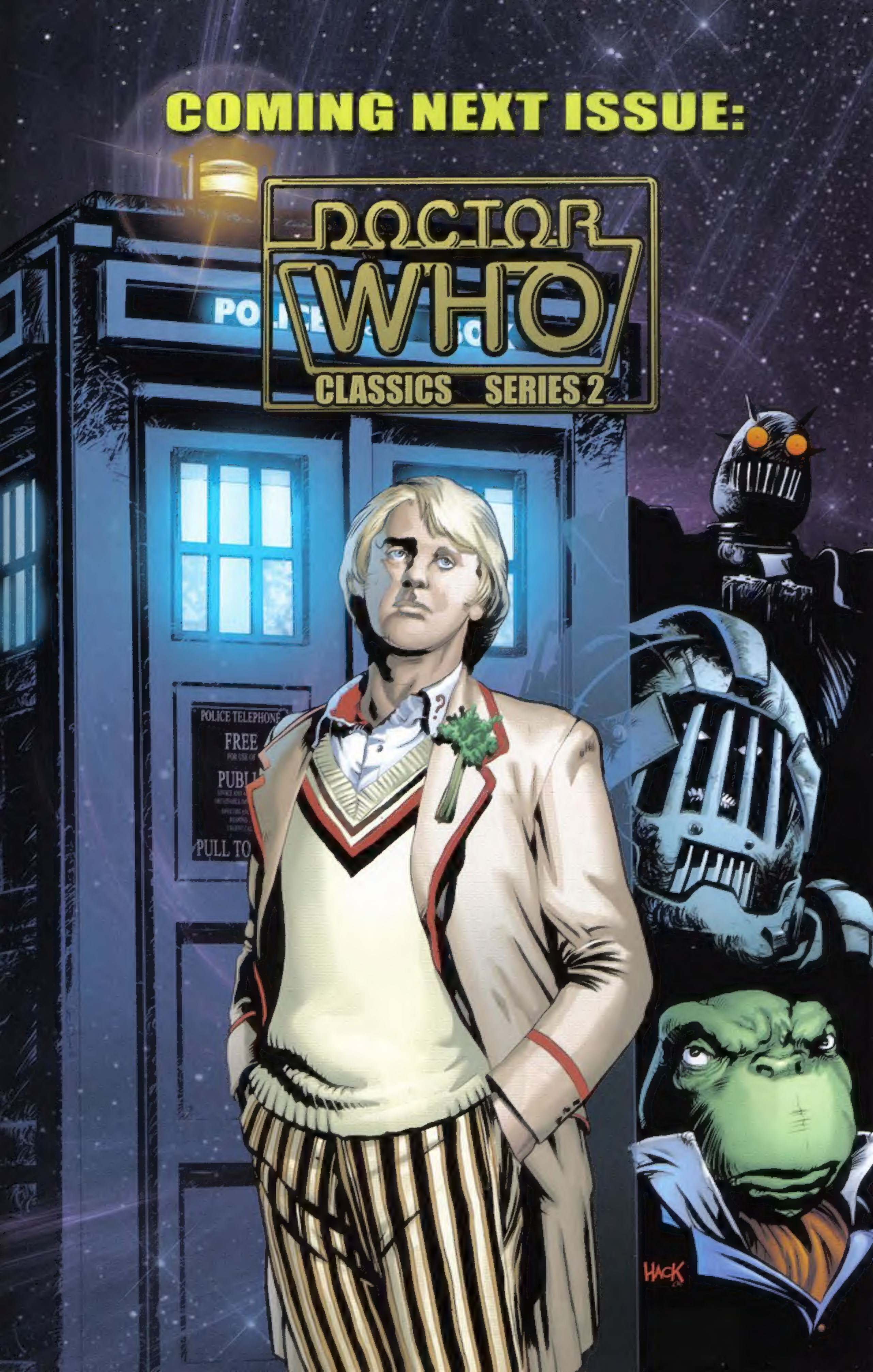
"SO THE COMPUTER SOCKED IN A 20-MEGATON WARHEAD ... AND I MADE ANOTHER PASS."

"ONLY THIS TIME I MADE SMOKE. A PRETTY, THREE-COLOUR TWIST WITH A NICE LITTLE ROLL AT THE END...

JUST IN CASE ANYBODY WAS **WATCHING**, YOU UNDERSTAND."



"THE SMOKE SPELLED OUT MY CALLING-CARD IN RED, WHITE AND BLUE...
BUT WHO WOULD BE WATCHING IN A DEAD-END SYSTEM LIKE THIS?"
COSMIC HITS - CALL ULTRA 311597
"SO I SPLIT. SOMEWHERE IN THIS CRACKPOT GALAXY THE BLUE BOX WAS WAITING..."
YOU KNOW, GROAT ...ON THE THIRD PLANET OF SYSTEM SOL THERE IS A RELIGION PRACTISED WHERE THE WORSHIPPERS REVERE A GOD OF LOVE...
I THINK THE TIME MAY BE RIPE FOR A CHANGE!
MEANWHILE...
DOC... DO SOMETHING... SAY SOMETHING!
RIGHT.
YOU'VE GOT JUST THREE SECONDS TO PUT DOWN THOSE GUNS.
ONE.
TWO.
TWO AND A HALF...

NEXT: MOLES in a HOLE... RATS IN A TRAP!

COMING NEXT ISSUE: